

GRANDMOTHER'S TEAPOT

MRS. CARLIE W. BRONSON

Upon the shelf it stands,
Among treasured bits of China, old and new;
For company so rare
It has no thought nor care,
At stands there, prim and stately, all alone.

There's a turn about the spot
Between the old and new;
And a pitying smile for all things new,
On either side there grow
Strange trees, a town or so,
And a little pair of doves, all in blue.

Now, as I closer scan
The little maid and old,
Through the cold and cruel glassing I can see
A something in their eyes
Of sadness and surprise,
Which, despite their earthen bosoms, saddens me.

They remember, long ago,
A cloth laid drifted down,
Upon a table small and dainty;
And smiles and tender words,
And hands like wet white birds,
That poured that first enchanted cup of tea.

There was a sugar-bowl,
And cream just new and whole,
Wherein stood other lovers brave and small,
But all the pair which sat
Beside them down and ate
Were merrier, and braver of them all.

What stories there could tell,
Remembering as we do,
Those happy days for aye and ever o'er;
The grave plans that were laid,
The jokes so gaily made,
The laughter and the kisses at the door.

But time sped on, and fast
The little maid and old,
To darkness and oblivion consigned,
Mid garden seeds and dust,
They grew because they must,
To seeds and to oblivion resigned.

Now years have passed away,
Again the light of day
Shines on them, but their hearts grow strangely
Chill.
Naught that they loved they see;
And the hands that poured the tea—
Ah, how long they have been folded, pale and still!

No wonder you are sad,
Little maid and old;
Through the glassing I have caught your tender
Pain.
But there's hardly one would guess
Your grief and loneliness,
As you stand there on the teapot prim and quaint.

Prudie's Trial

Prudie Warner was entertaining a caller this gray December morning; and, although Prudie had heard from gossiping Mrs. Taylor that Hattie Belden thought "Prudence Warner should have been dropped long ago," she was as gracious to her as though said bit of gossip had never reached her ears.

Mrs. Bryant's annual New Year's party had never been talked over, and Hattie Belden was certain that her hostess had an invitation when she broached another subject.

"Mrs. Taylor was telling me that you were making over your blue silk; I am just about dying to see it."

"Miserable old newsmonger!" thought Prudie, as she brought out the dress.

"Why, Prudence, it really looks well. No one would ever know that it was an old one worked over, only, of course, those who have always seen it; and you wore it last year, didn't you?"

"Yes," admitted Prudie, who knew in her own mind all the malice and spite of her visitor's jealous heart.

"I have a new velvet," went on Miss Belden. "But I suppose we shall be eclipsed by Miss Eaton, who is visiting Mrs. Bryant. Lee's betrothed you know."

Unexpected as was the blow, not a sign did Prudie Warner give that the news ought to her as she went on folding the silk, preparatory to laying it away.

"Indeed I did not know," she returned quite pleasantly.

"So, it is not known generally, continued Miss Belden, keeping her sharp eye upon Prudie.

But that young lady held her own bravely until her mischievous friend departed, and was safely down the steps.

"These village gossips, how odious they are!" she said to herself with a sigh of relief. Then she went into her own little dressing-room, where lay the despised blue silk, and her eyes grew heavy with a burden of tears. "Oh, how I wish I were rich!" she cried. "I will not—I never can—go there now."

If the dress were all Prudie was indeed very silly, for the silk was of a lovely shade, a d to look at it none would ever believe it had been worn before, modeled as it was almost with the skill of a Worth, and smothered in cream-colored lace; and there, too, were the tiny white kid boots and long gloves, and the delicate cream-colored fan. Surely none could wish for a more delicate toilet for Mrs. Bryant's party.

But everything seemed to Prudie in a distorted and poverty-stricken light this morning. How she did wish she could have a bright new dress! Everyone would have a new dress but herself. But go she must, and be as bright and gay as the others, or everyone would suspect her secret; for Lee Bryant had been devoted Prudie's greatest friend and devoted cavalier from childhood, and now they said he was engaged to Eva Eaton, the blue-eyed fairy visiting at his mother's.

Oh, the weariness of living! Oh, the bitterness of poverty! Dull, grinding poverty! And now the brown head fell upon her dressing table, and she found relief in that woman's boon, tears.

Poor Prudie! She was only a working-man's daughter, and the village tongue thought that Mrs. Bryant, the rich man's wife, of Willington, had made too much of her. No good ever came of elevating a person above their station, and for their part, they would like to see her put down.

But then Prudie herself was not the kind of a girl to be put down. Her father was too poor to hire a servant, but Prudie kept the little cottage the neatest place in all the village. Mr. Warner had no money to spend on silks and gay attire for his only child, but Prudie taught in the village school, and not only bought her own frocks, but with her own tiny hands fashioned them in a style that no dressmaker in Willington could equal. So she kept her social position. But now that there seemed a cloud in her horizon, these ready tongues were eager at the slightest sign to rend her heart with their venom.

All this passed with lightning rapidity through Prudie's mind as she sat there weeping; but try as she would, her thoughts would ever return to Lee Bryant.

"I do not believe he is engaged to her," she thought, but still the thought ever obtruded itself. "He has not called on me for two whole weeks." Suddenly she checked herself. "This will never do," she said, and sprang to her feet, bathed her face in cold water, and quickly dressed herself in her neat gray walking suit and cap with scarlet plumes, and

out for a walk in the chill December air, trying ever to quell the steady pain at her heart, but thinking, ever thinking, of the endless shifts and turns she was forced to make in their daily life by the emptiness of their purse, and which seemed this morning so utterly despicable to her.

Prudie was a rapid walker, and almost before she knew it she was beyond the outskirts of the village and walking along a country road bounded on either side by a high hedge. The brown leaves of the autumn gone by swirled past her as she walked, hardly noticing anything as she went by.

At length, however, she turned and began to retrace her steps. She walked more slowly now, the wind blowing strongly in her face. Far ahead of her the dead leaves were whirling in little eddies and heaping themselves up at the side of the road. She picked up a long slender stick and began turning over the leaves as she passed, finding a languid sort of enjoyment in her occupation.

All at once she started. Surely that was no monster leaf! No, but a well-filled, worn leather pocket-book, half covered with the hurrying leaves.

Prudie stopped and picked it up. At that moment her bad angel must have been passing, for she glanced furtively around her, and seeing no one, thrust it into the breast of her jacket and walked on with hasty steps.

As she neared home she met Mrs. Taylor, who exclaimed:

"Laws, child, how white you be! Have you heard the news? Old Bryant has lost his pocket-book with over \$2,000 in it, and can't find hide nor hair on it. He's been postin' up a reward for it—\$100—there's one of 'em," pointing to a notice at the corner.

Prudie read it hastily, and excusing herself passed into her father's yard, leaving Mrs. Taylor to soliloquize to herself.

"She looked fit to drop. It's that Lee Bryant's goings on with Eva Eaton! I dun know as I care, she's always been that sit up above her betters because the Bryant's noticed her."

Prudie, on entering the house, found not a waiting father, but a note lying upon the table. It was just the hour of twilight, and she lighted the little reading lamp and read:

"Prudie: My brother is very sick at Manchester, and I am obliged to leave for the 4:50 train. Will be home to-morrow."

FATHER.

Thus left to herself, she closed every blind and drew every curtain in the little cottage. Always before, when left alone, she had gone to some of the neighbors for company; but to-night she wished to see no one. Glancing stealthily around into every corner of the darkened apartment, she drew the heavy pocket book from her breast and opened it. Yes, there it was, rolls and rolls of money, more than she had ever seen together before in her life. Over \$2,000 of that precious stuff for which men barter their souls every day—for which women sell their love and the happiness of their lives forever.

Need I say that she was tempted? The poverty of her every day life rose before her—the bright love dream of her life, which lay in ashes at her feet, passed before her mental vision. No one saw her pick it up. She could destroy every article within it, and even her own father would never know it. Mr. Bryant was the owner of a half million; he would never feel the loss, while she must toil, unloved, because she was poor.

Instinctively her hand took up the pocket book and the few papers it contained, and placed them in the open grate. Then she went for kindlings and a match. She struck the match. It burned with a feeble ray, but that one ray cast all its light upon one line of an ancient illuminated "ten commandments" which hung upon the wall, and that line shone out like a text of fire.

"Thou shalt not steal."

The match fell from the outstretched hand. The articles were snatched from the grate, and she replaced everything as she first found them. Then the white lips whispered, "Am I a thief?" Conscience answered, "Almost, not quite, thanks to God!"

No, no! She might be rated among the humblest of the earth—might be trifled with in her tenderest feeling by the son of the man whose money she held—but Prudie Warner a thief? Never!

Morning came cold and gray, the morning of the last day of the year, the morning before Mrs. Bryant's party. Before nine o'clock Prudie Warner was again dressed in her gray walking suit and upon that street—the time bound for the great house upon the hill.

It was a timid little pull that Prudie gave the bell, but it was immediately answered by Mrs. Bryant herself, who kissed Prudie affectionately as she entered.

"My dear, why have you not called on us before? I have been telling Eva all about you, and have looked for you every day. We have been very lonely since Lee has been in New York, but he returns to-day. Come in and see Eva; and she hurried embarrassed Prudie into the breakfast room. "My niece, Eva Eaton, Miss Warner," she continued. "Why, Prudie, how dazed you look!"

"Well, I may," said Prudie, recovering herself. "I found Mr. Bryant's pocket-book."

"Is that so?" cried Mr. Bryant, from the other side of the room. "Where on earth was it?"

Prudie explained as well as she was able, while amidst all the exclamations and questions that followed, golden-haired Eva Eaton had slipped into the seat by the side of Prudie, and had managed to whisper:

"Lee told me all about you dear."

"Well, Prudie," said Mr. Bryant, "you are a very honest little girl; just the one I want for a daughter-in-law."

"Charles!" said Mrs. Bryant, reproachfully, while Prudie's blush deepened.

"Never mind the joke, Prudie; here is the reward." And Mr. Bryant held up not \$100, but \$500, for Prudie to accept.

"No, Mr. Bryant," she said firmly, "I cannot take it—I indeed I cannot!" And she held fast to her resolution, in spite of all their persuasions.

She started towards home a much light-hearted little girl than when she left it; but still in her heart she thought: "What would they think of me if they knew all?"

When she reached home some one was waiting for her. It was Lee, who came from the depot.

"I could not go home before I saw you, Prudie," he said. "See what I got for you in New York; and he held up a brilliant, sparkling ruby ring set in the finest gold.

And then she was obliged to answer a question which made two young hearts the happiest in all Willington.

"Now, darling, that is your engage-

ment ring; that is your New Year's present," and he drew a jewel case from his pocket containing an entire set of rubies to match the ring in setting and brilliancy. "And I want you to wear them all to-night."

Miss Belden and her set gave up all thought of "dropping Prudence Warner" when they saw her enter Mrs. Bryant's parlors that evening upon the arm of her betrothed husband, and saw how affectionately she was greeted by her host and hostess.

Her bright, piquant face radiant with happiness, the glittering gleaming jewels and the despised blue silk, made a picture no one could surpass. And lovely Eva Eaton was by her side, a friend whose friendship was ever after one of the bright spots of her existence.

Long after she told her husband the story of her temptation. A kiss was his reply.

Romance of a Riata.

San Francisco Alta.

The movements of a real cowboy on Kearny street attracted great attention a few days ago. He stood nearly six feet in his boots, and his regular features and drooping blonde mustache gave his face an aspect of beauty fully in keeping with his handsome proportions. His attire was that of the vaquero, consisting of buckskin trousers, a woolen shirt fastened at the throat with a carelessly knotted silk handkerchief, a coarse chinchilla sack coat, and broad-rimmed felt hat of the sombrero pattern. An *Alta* reporter learned his name and history. His name was Edward N. Willette, and six years ago he was at college, when he received peremptory orders from his father, a wealthy Boston merchant, to enter the theological class and fit himself for the ministry. The command came like a thunderbolt to the happy-go-lucky young fellow, who had always believed himself destined to follow his father in business when the latter should be ready to retire. A quarrel with his peer was the result, and the young fellow suddenly left for the west.

At Cheyenne he laid over for a short hunt on the plains. The wild life of the cowboy caught his fancy, and he devoted little object, and he had little difficulty in attaching himself to a big ranch until he had mastered his new vocation. Finally he drifted through portions of Montana, Nebraska, Dakota, Idaho, Nevada, and finally into Oregon and California. The opening of the summer found him engaged with three or four comrades in driving a small band of steers over the Santa Cruz mountains. Cattle in the mountains are not pleasant objects to deal with. Every unruly steer that broke from the band required an hour's chasing up and down steep slopes, over rocks and fallen trees, and through the spiteful brush.

Toward the end of the drive the steep bluffs that line the road on either hand kept the steers in fairly good order, and only occasionally did an unusually juicy bunch of grass tempt some hungry one to bolt up the slope or into the canyon below. It was an occasion of this sort that sent Willette careering among the brakes and ferns on the slope above. A chase of half a mile had seen the truant return to the road, and Willette was skirting the edge of the bank some distance in advance of the drove in search of a safe place to descend, when in the middle of the narrow road he saw a lovely girl. She drove was thundering down on him, and he was soon caught by her young life on beneath their ponderous weight. Escape for the girl seemed impossible. From the road to where Willette's horse stood was a wall of rock full twenty feet in height, and below to the bed of the stream was a sheer descent of double the distance. After only a second was the horseman inactive. Then with the speed born of long practice he lifted his trusty rawhide riata from the horn of his saddle and threw it. "Put that under your arms, miss," was Willette's hasty injunction. It was obeyed, and not a moment too soon the girl was lifted above the heads and horns of the oncoming cattle.

When they were well by Willette slowly slacked down until his "catch" dropped softly to the earth. Five minutes later, when he managed to find a pathway down and reached the subject of his daring bit of horsemanship, she was lying in the dust in a faint. When she recovered he learned that she too was from Boston, and with her father and mother was spending the summer amid California's most favored spots. The old gentleman, her father, was highly delighted when he learned of Willette's identity, as he soon did. "His daughter foolishly placed a high value on my little service," explained Willette, blushing, "and when I saw how she had overestimated I meanly demanded the largest reward I could think of. The details were settled yesterday, and I came up by the evening train to fit myself for her society. She swears that I look like an angel in my woolen shirt and buckskin trousers, but I will try to get her used to me in civilized garb, for a vaquero's dress is hardly the thing for aesthetic Boston."

"Are you going back?"

"Yes, in September. We shall tour Yosemite as man and wife, and then go back home. My father-in-law says that my father has long since been anxious to have me come home, and that he will set me up if the old gentleman doesn't, so I think I had better go."

Neuralgic Headache of Women.

London Lancet.

The increased, and apparently increasing, frequency of neuralgic headache among women must needs have a cause. There is one of singular simplicity, and quite obvious which has been overlooked, to which it is worth while to draw attention. The pain experienced is generally located in one or more of the branches of the second cervical nerve very commonly those terminating in the scalp at the occiput. As a matter of fact, the nerves of the scalp are irritated by the hair being drawn tightly back and put on the strain, not as a whole, in which case the strain would be spread over the large area of the surface, but by small bundles of hair which are pulled back and held in place by hair-pins. Relief is often conspicuously experienced as a result of removing the hair-pins, but this has only a temporary and practical effect. The injury done is lasting, if not permanent in its consequences. The present style of dressing the hair should be discontinued, as it probably, in part at least, accounts for the extreme prevalence of a form of suffering which is both intractable and distressing.

Manhattan Nationalist: Miss Josie Harper will go to Lindbergh, McPherson county, soon to enter on her duties as instructor in the Swedish college there.

THEY WANTED ALL THE STYLE.

Two Men from the Mountains Having a First Class Time.

Northwest Magazine.

Old Jerry Crockett had not been east of the Rockies since '49 until he and his old pard, Fat Bill, pulled up at the Hotel Ryan the other day. As he glanced up at the magnificent facade he remembered what he had read about the great caravansary in the remote mountain camp and involuntarily murmured: "It air an imposing pile, William—it's built in what them newspaper fellows call the Quinine style and just beats all for health."

"Do you wish to be shown to your apartment now?" said the urbane clerk, as they registered.

"Nary show," said the old man, reflectively.

"I think I understand you," said the clerk, smiling. "We will try and make you comfortable, Mr.—(glancing at the register) Mr. Crockett."

"Ye, it are Crockett—the name. You can read writin' very slick, but 'comfortable' won't do. We are goin' to wallow in elegance—like it is advertised in the papers. Do you catch my drift?"

"I think I understand you. You wish to live high. I'll put you on the sixth floor, if you wish."

"Now you are talkin'. The is nothin' too high for us, and nothin' too rich for our blood. We follow the rules. We deposit our valises in the safe, and you must follow the small bills. Here is my pocket book; you can prize that at \$10,000. No, we don't want to leave our suspenders. We ain't tenderfeet. Our suspenders is alongside our swaddling clothes. Here, take this small gun (unstrapping a revolver) Put 'levin thousand on hit; I wouldn't sell it a cent less."

"You don't expect us to pay such prices for this junk-shop truck, do you? You couldn't collect \$10 in the courts on all of it."

"Never mind the courts. I'll collect it if the things is lost. I'll keep this gun with me. Now, my young friend, you can bring on your sable African nigger."

"Jim, show these gentlemen to 411."

"Yes, show us to 411, and don't miss a figure. You hit it just right or there will be war."

"You mustn't mind Jerry," said Fat Bill to the clerk. "He's been sort o' suspicious like, and keeps his back to the wall ever since he killed Shady Mountain Mosley; but he'll get used to the place after a while."

"I—don't mind him," said the clerk nervously; "he seems to be a very nice man, but a little peculiar."

"Yes, he are bloody peculiar—bloody peculiar."

"Hit's a cage—that's what," remarked the old man, as the elevator started. "They are going to hit us to the upper level. Keep your signal ropes tight, young feller. Lord! many's the time we had to crawl into the timbers when the ropes has been tangled. We hev traveled—we hev—eh, Billy?"

"Now, African," said Jerry, as he proceeded to undress, after reaching 411, "you stand in that corner, and when I give the signal you smother them lumps."

"I kin put out the gas," suggested Fat Bill. "The nigger can go and send up a bokoy or sweet violets to remember himself by."

"You can't put out no gas for me, William. There is more'n a million people smothered every year by knowin' too much about tavern gas. There is a knock about it that we ain't on to. Now Sable, kill the lights, and mind you, that no fire starts in this joint to-night. We hold you strictly responsible. I'll cut your liver cold heart out through the small of your spotted back if I hear a whimper before mornin' louder than the moanin' of the wind. Do you sense me?"

"Lord, boss! does you 'pose I see gwine to burn the hotel up a purpose?"

"You may be all right, but I suspicion ye."

In the morning the old man awoke and he saw the annunciator with the usual legend written under it—

1 Ring for Bell Boy.

2 Rings for Ice water.

3 Rings for Porter.

"Bill," said he, "do you see them remarks on the hangin' wall? Two rings for ice water, three rings for porter? How many rings, I wonder, will it take to bring red likker? Touch her off on porter for a starter."

Fat Bill reached out of his bed and complied with the request, when the porter came.

"Well, boss?"

"I knowed they wouldn't follow the small bills. Jest see that snuff colored cannibal, William; where is the oriental cupid filled with porter?—where is the solid gold plate, with incense and cigars on it? African, you go down the shaft again, and you tell the superintendent to put his ear to our telephone, and mind the small bills."

The clerk went up shortly afterward and found the old man plugging the annunciator with his revolver at six paces.

"See—see, William—see the liver col- ored pointer! Where is your alabaster jug of precious ointment? Where is the Egyptian snake plate, filled with sea biscuit? You call this living high! Blank me, if I don't plug every telephone there is in the house!" But he didn't, as the police took him away murmuring that if he had another gun he wouldn't be "took alive."

Stories, Queer and Curious.

Col. B. J. Munday, who died a week ago at Statesville, S. C., was buried the next day at Bethlehem church. He had had lumber for his coffin laid aside and seasoning for a long while past, and his coffin was made according to directions left by Col. Munday. It was of walnut, and eighteen inches deep; it had double shoulders and a post on each of the corners outside. Little knots three inches high were made at each of the corners and at the shoulders on top of the lid, and in the bottom was a mattress laid on slats.

"The charter of the Gunda Springs Caldwell & Western Railroad company," has been filed with the secretary of state. Places of business, Winfield and Gunda Springs, Cowley county, and Caldwell, Sumner county. The purpose is to build and operate a railroad of standard gauge, through the counties of Cowley, Sumner, Harper, Barber, Comanche, Clark, Meade, and Seward, in the state of Kansas. Capital stock \$5,000,000.

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Stoves and Tin Ware, Wood and Iron Pumps, I X L Feed Mill, Corn Shellers, I X L Stalk Outters, Horse Powers, Tanks. Also Agent for the

OLD RELIABLE HALLIDAY STANDARD,

TWENTY-NINE YEARS IN USE.

All wanting to purchase Windmills will do well to call at my Shop, opposite Post-office in Wa-Keeney, and get catalogue of prices before purchasing.

REFERENCES—F. O. Ellsworth, S. T. Bartlett, S. P. Bartlett, R. Hacker, A. C. Frisk W. A. Mead, Thomas Caddick, of Wa-Keeney; Samuel Bowman, two mills; Thomas Moore, and a 16-foot geared mill for Thomas Hindman, of Grandfield, and George R. Henn and John Collins, Graham county. The above list is a part of the mills I have sold and put up in the last year. I also manufacture and repair all kinds of tinware and fit up pumps and gas and water pipe.

The following correspondence, concerning the claims of citizens of Kansas for losses occasioned by Indian invasions, explains itself, and will be of interest to many of the people of this state. It will be seen that under date of July 18, 1885, Gov. Martin addressed a letter to Hon. S. J. Crawford, the state agent at Washington, calling attention to these claims, and asking him to ascertain what step had been taken to secure their adjustment and payment. The governor's letter was referred to the commissioner of Indian affairs, who, under date of August 20, 1885, replies. The letter of ex-Governor Crawford furnished information to claimants as to the steps necessary to secure the adjustment and payment of their claims. The letter therefore, is of public interest and is furnished for publication. It is as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 21, 1885.
Hon. John A. Murn, Topeka, Kansas:

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 18th ultimo was received in due time, and referred to the commissioner of Indian affairs, whose reply I herewith enclose.

As will be observed from the commissioner's letter, congress, at its last session, passed an act providing for an investigation of Indian depredation claims, and directing the secretary of the interior to cause a list of the same, "which may be provided," etc., to be made and presented to congress. This will doubtless be followed at the proper time by an appropriation for the payment of such as may be approved by the secretary and commissioner.

Many of the claims on file were doubtless established to the satisfaction of the state board, but whether the evidence submitted there will be sufficient to satisfy United States authorities is a matter of some doubt. The probabilities are that unless further proof is submitted, some of the claims will be reduced in amount, and others, disallowed entirely. It is therefore important that all claimants should put themselves in communication with the commissioner or some attorney here, who will attend to the matter for them.

Truly yours,
S. J. CRAWFORD.

Winfield Courier: The sixteen-year-old son of A. DeTurk, of Pleasant Valley got a bad injury. He was hauling water to a thresher in a barrel. The barrel upset and threw him under the horses' feet. A horse stepped on his head, fracturing his skull over the brain. A doctor raised the skull and took out the splinters, and he may recover. He is very dangerously hurt.

A. P. LIFE.